EVERY FORTNIGHT
6th - 19th
February, 1988

№8

SUPER NATURALS

40p

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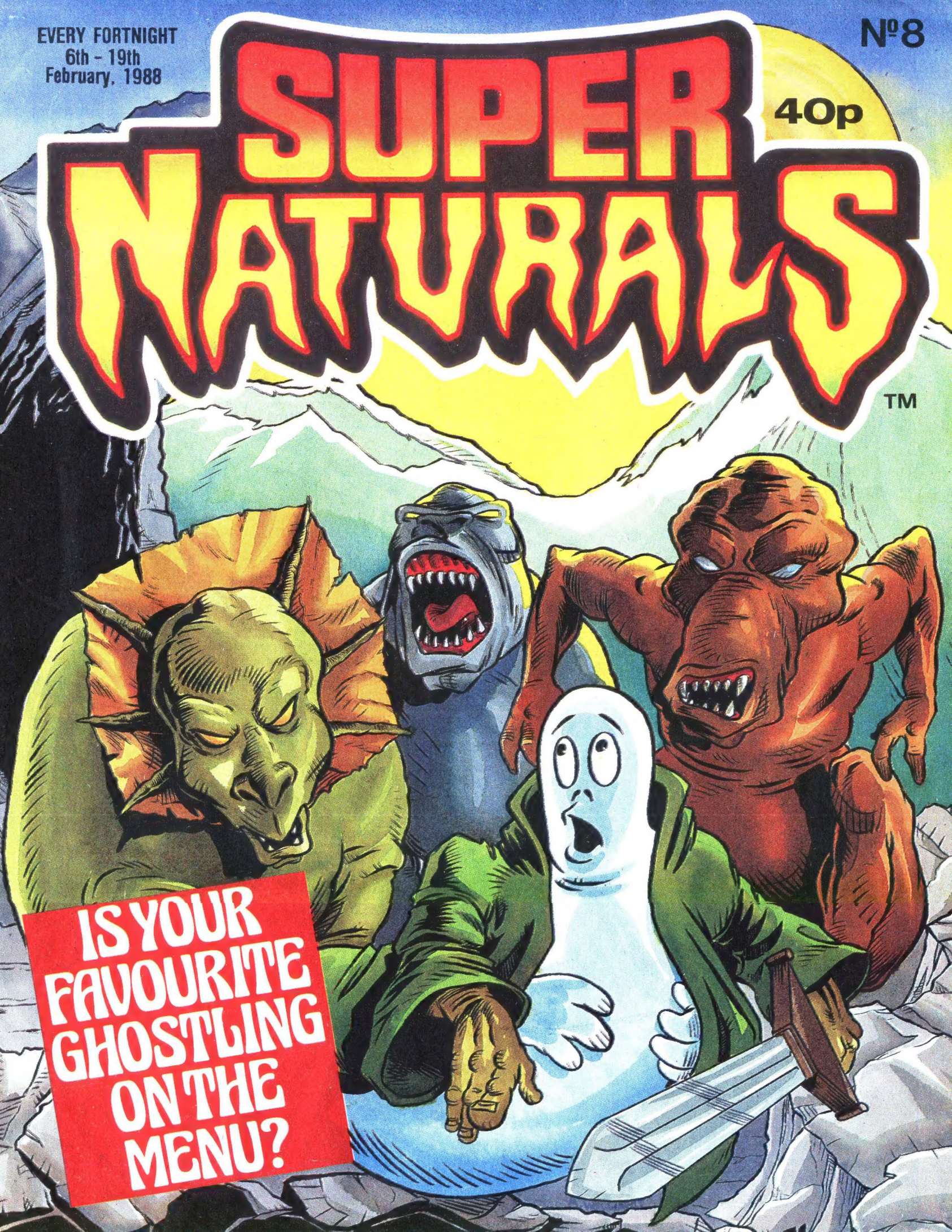


IS YOUR FAVOURITE GHOSTLING ON THE MENU?

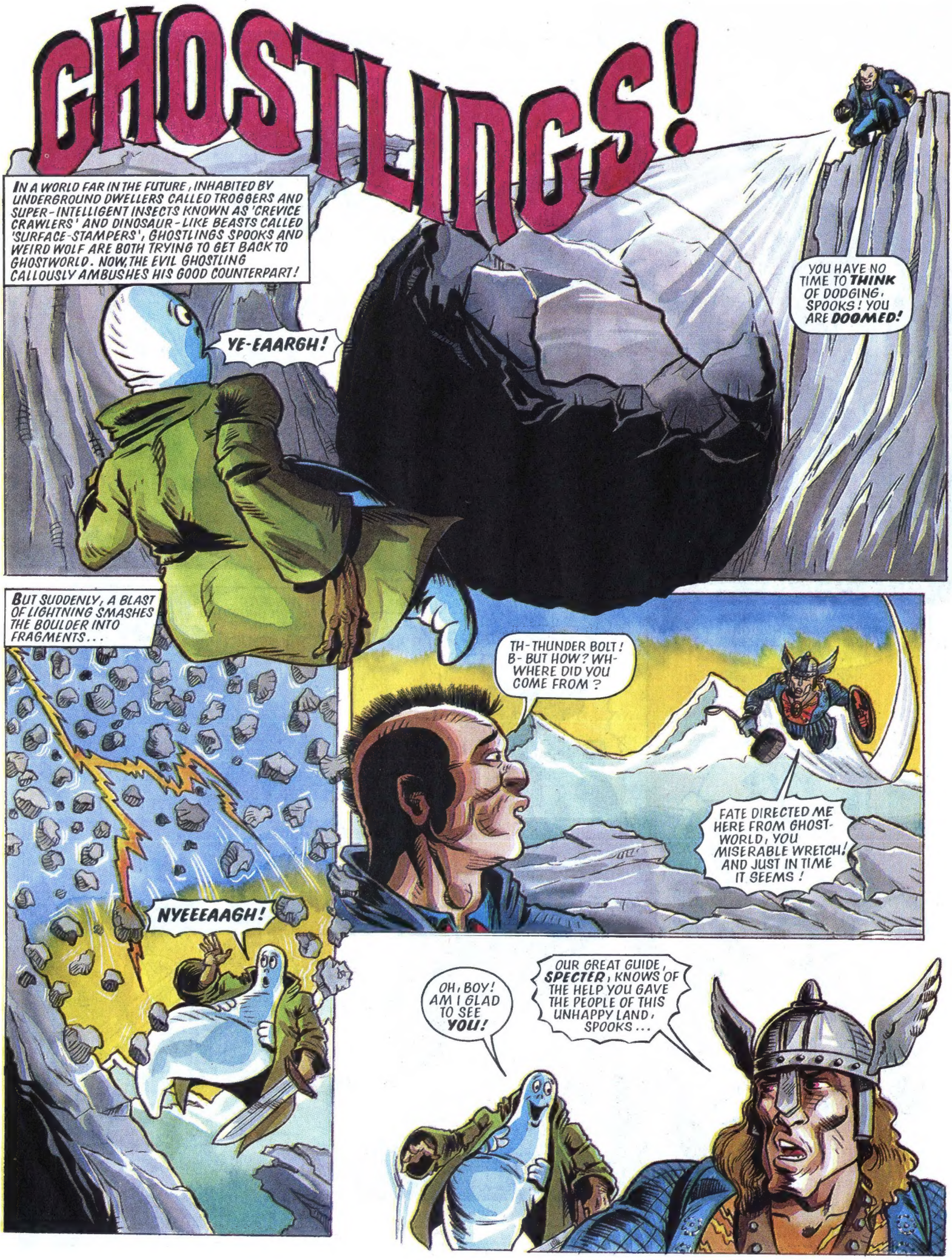
THE LEGEND OF THE
SUPER NATURALS
THE CORNISH COASTAL COUNTRYSIDE WITNESSES AN INCREDIBLE BATTLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL SUPERNATURALS FROM GHOSTWORLD! LIONHEART- IN HIS THIRDMOST FORM AS A TRUE LION-GETS HIS COMPANION THUNDER BOLT CLEAR AND THEN...
GREAT JUMPIN' JUPITER! WH- WHAT'S THAT?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
BE NOT AFRAID! WE MEAN YOU NO HARM!
I'M DREAMIN! I MUST BE DREAMIN'!
A GOOD LEAP, MY LION FRIEND! BUT ONE OF THE HUMANS HAS FALLEN IN HIS FEAR... WE MUST STOP TO CHECK HE IS ALL RIGHT!
NYEEAGGGH!
FORD

THE MAN JABBERS INTO A RADIO...
MISTER WALTERS? THIS-THIS IS CHARLIE! GET THE POLICE! GET THE ARMY! THERE'S A LION LOOSE AND SOME KIND O' CIRCUS FREAK!
LIONHEART BECOMES HIS TRUE SELF...
GUHHH! NOW ONE OF 'EM HAS CHANGED... R-RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME EYES! I'M NOT KIDDING, MISTER WALTERS!
PLEASE CALM DOWN...
I KNOW YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHAT IS HAPPENING...
L-LET'S GET OUT O' HERE!
WE ARE FROM A WORLD BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING! EVIL ONES FROM OUR LAND SEEK THE LEGENDARY EXCALIBUR-SWORD OF KING ARTHUR AND SYMBOL OF ALL THAT IS GOOD...
IT IS NO USE, LIONHEART! THEY ARE TERRIFIED OUT OF THEIR WITS!
AT LEAST THE UNCONSCIOUS ONE HAS RECOVERED! WE STILL HAVE SKULL AND HIS WRETCHED CREW TO COMBAT! THEY HAVE TRANSPORT-WE MUST USE WHAT WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN!
SHANNNG!
LIONHEART'S POWERFUL SWORD SHATTERS THE LINK BETWEEN TRACTOR AND TRAILER.
THERE IS LITTLE ENOUGH POWER IN THIS...
IT WILL SUFFICE UNTIL EAGLE EYE AND THE OTHERS GET GHOST FINDER TO US...

CHUGGA CHUGGA CHUGGA
MY WORRY IS THAT THE HUMANS WILL INVESTIGATE AND REACT... AND YOU KNOW WE MUST NOT HARM THEM- WHATEVER THEY DO!
I PRAY THEY DO NOT RUN INTO SKULL!
SKULL, BURNHEART, SNAKEBITE AND THE EVIL GHOSTLING, VAMP-PA, ARE HEADING NORTH-EAST IN BAT-BOPPER...
AIM TOWARDS THE PLACE CALLED TINTAGEL. NEAR THERE, IN A LAKE, THE MAGIC SWORD EXCALIBUR LIES WAITING FOR ME!
YAH-HARR! AND WHEN YOU FIND IT, SKULL, MY FIRE WILL RE-FORGE IT INTO A SYMBOL OF DESTRUCTION!
YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT LIONHEART AND THUNDER BOLT ARE STILL ON THE LOOSE, MASTER.
GAHHH! THOSE DO-GOODERS WILL NOT STOP US!
THEIR POWERS ARE AT A LOW EBB, FOOL! OURS REMAIN SUPREME!
MNNFF! ONE OF THESE DAYS, HE'LL DO THAT ONCE TOO OFTEN!
AHEAD, A VILLAGE...
SHALL WE PAUSE TO SPREAD TERROR AND DESTRUCTION?
WHY NOT, BURNHEART? I FEEL THE NEED OF SOMETHING TO AMUSE ME!
BURNHEART'S FLAME-GUN AND MISSILES FROM BAT-BOPPER CAUSE DEVASTATION...
YAH-HAH-HARRRRR! SUPERB! EXCELLENT! SEE THE ACCURSED HUMANS RUN!
BOOOMPA!
FA-ROOOMMMMM!
SHRUNNNNNN!
MEANWHILE, ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...
WELL, WE'VE GOT GHOST FINDER THIS FAR... BUT RE-CHARGING'S GOING TO BE A PROBLEM FOR THE NEXT LEAP TO BRITAIN.
IF ONLY WE HAD THE SAME FLIGHT CAPABILITY AS SKULL'S INFERNAL BAT-BOPPER!

EAGLE EYE, THIRD OF THE GOOD SUPERNATURALS...
PATIENCE, MY GHOSTLINGS! I FANCY FATE HAS BEEN KIND TO BRING US HERE...
BENEATH THIS ROCK LIES A RARE MINERAL. ONE THAT MY SIXTH SENSE TELLS ME WILL POWER GHOST FINDER'S ENGINES...
HOW DO WE GET THE MINERAL OUT?
LEAVE IT TO ME! I'M A REAL CRACKER WITH OUR MISSILE BLASTER!
STAND WELL CLEAR! WE DON'T WANT TO DAMAGE OURSELVES SO THAT WE HAVE TO USE SEE-THRU'S BANDAGES!
SHRAKKKKA!
A RICH VEIN LIES EXPOSED AND NOW HOOTER GETS TO WORK WITH ALL THE SKILLS OF ALCHEMY AT HIS WIZARD'S COMMAND...
BY THE SHADES OF ASTAROTH, MENIADES AND LEONICUS... LET MATTER REND WHERE I PORTEND...

WHOOMMFFFF!
IT IS DONE...
GLITTERING NODULES. PURE NUGGETS OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN ELEMENT!
MAGNIFICENT! NOW WE SHALL BE ABLE TO SPEED QUICKLY TO LIONHEART'S AID!
YOU'RE REAL MAGIC, HOOTER! I WISH I COULD HAVE DONE THINGS LIKE THAT ON STAGE!
MOMENTS LATER...
GO, MY GHOSTLINGS! I WILL FLY INDEPENDENTLY!
MY INNER SIGHT TELLS ME THAT MY BROTHERS ARE IN PERIL! GRANT ME INSTANT TRANSFERENCE! RELEASE MY POWERS OF PEACE!
INTO THIRDMOST FORM, THE SOARING EAGLE OVERTAKES THE GHOST FINDER...
GOOD LUCK, FEATHERS! TELL 'EM WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
IN CORNWALL...
WITNESS THE EVIL WREAKED BY SKULL AND HIS GANG. SOMEHOW, LIONHEART, WE MUST HELP...
NO EASY TASK, MY FRIEND. I FEAR THAT WE WILL MEET WITH HOSTILITY... OUR VERY LIVES WILL BE AT RISK!
NEXT: SKULL FINDS EXCALIBUR!


GHOSTLINGS!
IN A WORLD FAR IN THE FUTURE, INHABITED BY UNDERGROUND DWELLERS CALLED TROGGERS AND SUPER-INTELLIGENT INSECTS KNOWN AS 'CREVICE CRAWLERS' AND DINOSAUR-LIKE BEASTS CALLED 'SURFACE-STAMPERS', GHOSTLINGS SPOOKS AND WEIRD WOLF ARE BOTH TRYING TO GET BACK TO GHOSTWORLD. NOW, THE EVIL GHOSTLING CALLOUSLY AMBUSHES HIS GOOD COUNTERPART!
YE-EAARGH!
YOU HAVE NO TIME TO THINK OF DODGING, SPOOKS! YOU ARE DOOMED!
BUT SUDDENLY, A BLAST OF LIGHTNING SMASHES THE BOULDER INTO FRAGMENTS...
TH-THUNDER BOLT! B-BUT HOW? WH-WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
FATE DIRECTED ME HERE FROM GHOST-WORLD, YOU MISERABLE WRETCH! AND JUST IN TIME IT SEEMS!
NYEEEAAGH!
OH, BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
OUR GREAT GUIDE, SPECTER, KNOWS OF THE HELP YOU GAVE THE PEOPLE OF THIS UNHAPPY LAND, SPOOKS...

BUT SPECTER TAKES NO SIDES IN GOOD VERSUS EVIL...
TRUE. BUT I DO. AND I FOUND THE RIGHT WAY HERE!
FAR BELOW, QUAKING TROGGER SENTRIES STARE SKYWARDS...
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN, BROTHER?
I KNOW NOT! M-MAYBE IT IS BEST NOT TO KNOW!
HUH! NONE OF MY SENIOR SUPERNATURALS THOUGHT TO COME AND TAKE CARE OF ME...
ABRUPTLY, WEIRD WOLF ASSUMES HIS SECONDARY FORM...THAT OF A WEREWOLF!
GRRRAHOOOO!
WHAT MISCHIEF IS THAT EVIL GHOSTLING MAKING NOW?
THE BEAST-CALL! I THINK HE HOPES IT WILL FETCH SURFACE-STAMPERS, THUNDER BOLT!

THE AIR TREMBLES TO ANSWERING ROARS...
RARRRGH!
HNARRRR!
SKREEEEE!
NOT EVEN THUNDER BOLT CAN STAND IN THE FACE OF SUCH ASSEMBLED MIGHT! THE CAUSE OF EVIL WILL BE WELL-FURTHERED THIS DAY!
WE MUST RETREAT! MY POWERS WILL BE EXPENDED IN MOMENTS IF WE STAND AND FIGHT!
WE CAN'T GO BACK! WE ARE SWORN TO FIGHT FOR GOOD - TO THE DEATH, IF NEEDS BE!
AT THAT MOMENT...
NEVER HAVE I SEEN SO MANY SURFACE-STAMPERS AT ONE TIME!
A MASSIVE FOOD-STORE!
LET US ATTACK! WE HAVE BRAIN - AND THEY HAVE NONE!

THUNDER BOLT AND SPOOKS CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES...
GREAT JUPITER! ARE WE GOING TO WITNESS A BATTLE?
WE SHALL TAKE NO PART—UNLESS WE ARE MENACED!
THE CLASH IS TITANIC!
TROGGERS—THOSE WHOM SPOOKS ASSISTED—EMERGE TO WATCH...
IT—IT IS INCREDIBLE!
OUR FRIEND—THE ONE WHO CALLED HIMSELF A GHOSTLING—THIS IS SOMEHOW HIS DOING!
I KNEW HE WOULDN'T LET US DOWN!
AND WEIRD WOLF? HE IS ANNOYED!
UHHH—LIKE, THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND! WHY DID THOSE CREVICE-CRAWLERS SHOW UP?
DOWN BELOW...
THUNDER BOLT! LOOK OUT! ONE OF THE BEASTS IS ON THE RUN—AND COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!
NEXT: ESCAPE OR EXTERMINATION?

The DOLL
HAH HAH HAH !
SWWWSSSH
THE DOLL HAS PUT SIMON WICKHAM'S FOSTER-FATHER, FRANK MARSHAL, IN HOSPITAL, AND CONTROLS SIMON'S BROTHER DAVID IN AN EVIL HOLD. NOW AT HOME IN THE CELLAR FILLED WITH CATERPILLARS, THE CRAZED MONSTROSITY LUNGES AT SIMON WITH AN AXE ...
MISSED – BUT I MIGHT NOT BE SO LUCKY NEXT TIME ...
AARGH!
SPLOTCH!
SIMON RUNS TOWARDS THE CELLAR STEPS, BUT IT IS LIKE TRYING TO ESCAPE IN A NIGHTMARE ...
CATERPILLARS TURNING TO MUSH UNDER MY FEET ... IT'S TOO SLIPPERY !
I'LL HAVE YOUR BROTHER, WICKHAM ! HE'S MINE TO CONTROL ! AND YOU'RE MINE TO KILL !
I ... I CAN'T REACH THE STEPS ... THEY'RE TOO HIGH !
THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR SIMON, YOU'RE FINISHED !

FINISHED !
DANNG !
MISSED ! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO GET AXE-HAPPY, YOU UGLY LITTLE MONSTER !
BUT...
IT'S NO GOOD ! THE AXE WON'T BUDGE ! AND THE CATERPILLARS ARE STARTING TO DRAG ME DOWN... AND THE DOLL'S COMING AT ME WITH HIS TEETH !
THEN SIMON HAS AN IDEA : USE THE AXE AS A STEP — TO FREEDOM !
MADE IT ! ANOTHER SECOND AND I'D HAVE NEVER ESCAPED FROM THIS HELL-HOLE !
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
THIS SHOULD KEEP IT IN THERE ! BUT HE MUST HAVE ANOTHER ACCESS TO THE CELLAR ! A SECRET ENTRANCE !
HUH ? WHAT'S THAT ? S-SOMETHING COMING UP BEHIND ME...
MY, WE'RE JUMPY ! WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THE CELLAR DOOR, SIMON ?
AUNT LOUISE ! I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING ! AFTER I DO ONE MORE THING...

SOON, IN THE BACK GARDEN, SIMON FINDS WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR ...
THIS AIR VENT MUST BE WHERE THE DOLL ENTERS THE CELLAR !
I'LL RAM THE GRATE TIGHT INTO PLACE ! SO IF HE'S STILL DOWN THERE, HE'LL BE TRAPPED, ALONG WITH THE CATERPILLARS !
"DOLL" ? "CATERPILLARS" ? "CELLARS" ? WHAT'S GOING ON, SIMON ?
WE'LL GO INSIDE AND I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING, AUNT LOUISE !
THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME EVERYTHING ! ABOUT THE DOLL ... AND ABOUT ALAN !
SIMON TELLS HIS FOSTER-MOTHER ALL ABOUT THE DOLL ...
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED TO ALAN, THE BOY YOU FOSTERED BEFORE DAVE AND ME ! IT WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE DOLL ! YOU MUST TELL ME ...
I ... I DON'T KNOW ! IT'S ALL SO UNBELIEVABLE ! CAN WE BE IMAGINING IT ALL ?
I DIDN'T IMAGINE THESE CATERPILLARS THE DOLL ALMOST TRICKED ME INTO EATING ! YEUK !
HEY ! WHERE'S DAVID ? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND ...
HE WAS CYCLING OFF AS I ARRIVED ! WITH A SUITCASE ! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO VISIT UNCLE FRANK IN HOSPITAL !
A SUITCASE ! THE DOLL MUST'VE ESCAPED FROM THE CELLAR ... AND DAVE'S TAKEN HIM TO THE HOSPITAL !
OH, NO !
AT THE HOSPITAL, NO-ONE TAKES ANY NOTICE OF DAVID WICKHAM — OR HIS SUITCASE ...
NOT EVEN WHEN HE SLIPS INTO THE ROOM OF PATIENT FRANK MARSHAL ...

MEANWHILE...
B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! DAVID WOULDN'T HURT FRANK...
THE OLD DAVID WOULDN'T! IT'S THE DOLL, AUNT LOUISE! IT NOW CONTROLS DAVID!
NE-AR 271
YES, THE DOLL! IT IS EVIL, ISN'T IT? ALAN BECAME WICKED BEFORE HE... BEFORE HE WAS KILLED...
I JUST PRAY THE SAME THING DOESN'T HAPPEN TO YOUR BROTHER!
IN HOSPITAL, FRANK MARSHAL STIRS... AS THOUGH HE SENSES SOMETHING UNNATURAL IS CLOSE...
SO YOU'RE IN A COMA! SO HELPLESS... JUST LIKE A VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY!
HAH, HAH, HAH!
MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S DAVID, LEAVING FRANK'S ROOM WITH THE SUITCASE!
DAVID, COME BACK!
FORGET HIM, AUNT LOUISE...
WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT THE DOLL'S DONE TO YOUR HUSBAND!
NEXT: DANGEROUS WATERS!

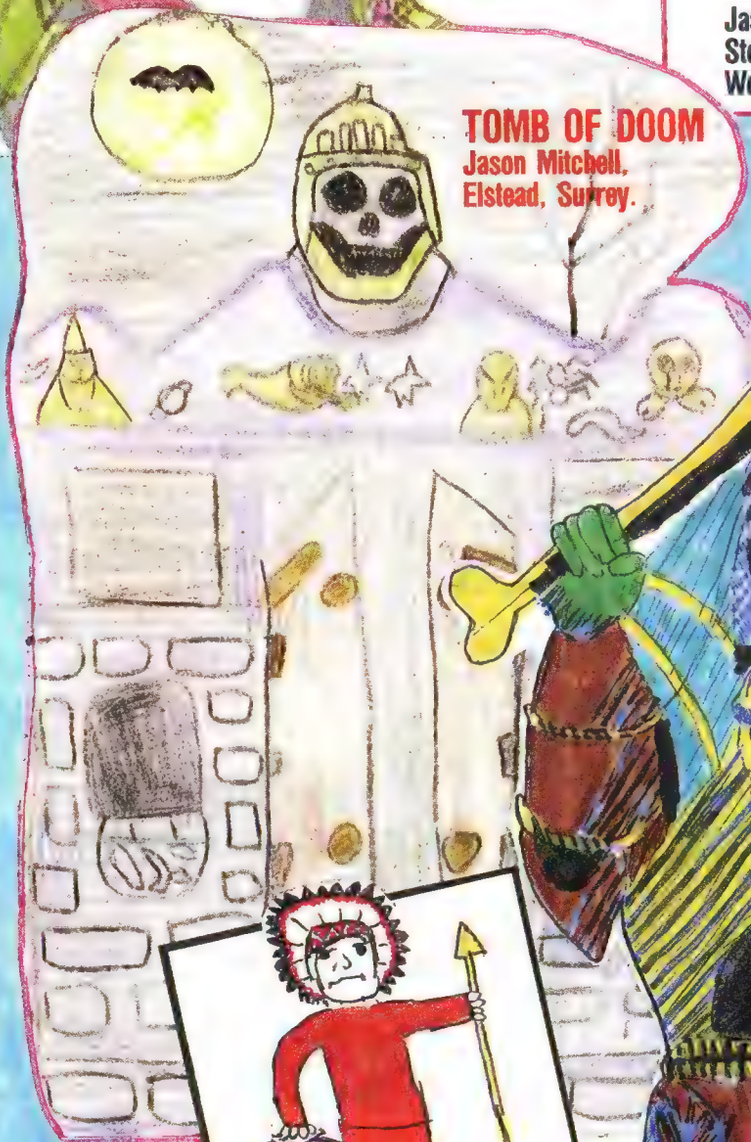
GHOSTWORLD GALLERY

EACH ARTIST WINS £5

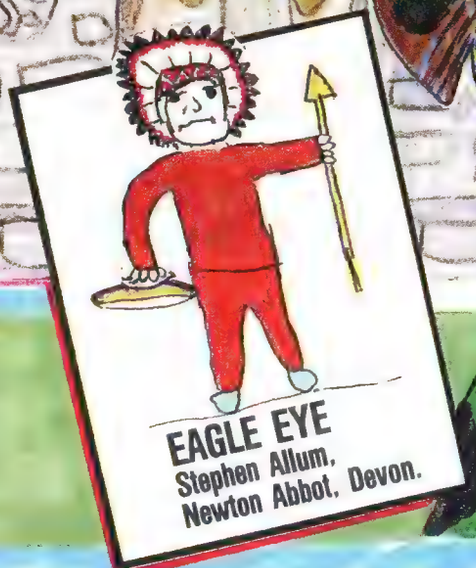
SPOOKS
Chris Binns,
Cleethorpes,
Humberside.

RAGS
Jason Crowther,
Stourport-on-Severn,
Worcestershire.

HOOTER
Paul McEvoy,
Albany, Tyne
& Wear.



TOMB OF DOOM
Jason Mitchell,
Elstead, Surrey.



EAGLE EYE
Stephen Allum,
Newton Abbot, Devon.

SKULL
Jonathan Cassell,
Milton Keynes.

GHOST FINDER

An amazing machine of metal and magic belonging to the good SuperNaturals. Unbound by the physical laws of our world, Ghost Finder cannot be destroyed – and surrounded by an 'aura of good', it never brings harm to humans. Spooks enjoys driving flat out at full speed – sometimes so fast, he has Ghost Finder almost overtaking itself! The vehicle is well-armed . . . a powerful battering-ram at the front, which thrusts out to clear the way of obstacles and enemies; a bonnet-mounted gun; and a rotating missile-launcher at the rear. When blasted off, the Eagle Missile has an inner 'knowledge' to guide it at targets. Riding Ghost Finder, Lionheart gives the cry: "Onward for justice and right!"

SHOCK!
CURSES! I'VE GOT TO PAY TEN POUNDS TO JONATHAN WILLIAMS OF LIVERPOOL FOR THIS STORY IDEA!
THE SCARY CAT CHALLENGE!
FOR PROFESSOR RONALD BARTON, IT IS TO BE THE JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME... FOR HIS UNPLEASANT SON JULIAN, IT IS EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE!
HUH! THE VERY LAST PLACE IN THE WORLD I WANT TO GO TO IS INDIA! WHAT A GROTTY DUMP!
I'M SORRY, JULIAN. EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED. WE FLY OFF NEXT WEEK.
INDIA IS A LAND OF LEARNING, CULTURE AND SUPERSTITION. A FASCINATING COUNTRY. I'M SURE IT WILL BE A TRIP YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!
AND SOON...
JUST THINK, JULIAN—WE'LL SOON BE IN A WHOLE NEW WORLD!
I'D RATHER HAVE STAYED IN THE OLD ONE!
WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF LANDING, THEY ARE VISITING ONE OF INDIA'S MAJOR TOURIST ATTRACTIONS...
THE TAJ MAHAL. IT'S QUITE MAGNIFICENT, DON'T YOU THINK?
WHAT? OH, YEAH... SURE.
TALK ABOUT WET! WEMBLEY STADIUM LEAVES IT FOR DEAD!

THE BARTONS JOIN A GUIDED TOUR...
...AND THIS, MY FRIENDS, IS THE SACRED SNAKE TEMPLE OF PANATHA! DO NOT BE AFRAID OF THE LIVE SNAKES... THEIR POISON HAS BEEN REMOVED AND THEY ARE HARMLESS!
SNAKES! UUUGH! I HATE THEM. EVERYONE DOES. CREEPY THINGS!
THEY GUARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE...
YUUKKK! HUNDREDS OF 'EM! ALL SLITHERING AND SLIDING AROUND!
...WHILST IT IS WRITTEN IN THE SCROLLS THAT ONE DAY THE GOLDEN SNAKES OF PANATHA WILL REINCARNATE!
REINCARNATION, JULIAN. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? CHANGING FROM SOLID FORM INTO REAL LIFE...
'COURSE I KNOW. MY NAME'S NOT DIMBO, IS IT? AND IT'S ALL A LOAD OF SUPERSTITIOUS OLD RUBBISH!

EXCUSE ME, YOUNG SIR. TRY NOT TO BE SO INTOLERANT OF OUR WAYS. WHAT I SAY IS TRUE. ONE DAY THE GOLDEN SNAKES WILL REINCARNATE...
LISTEN, YOU OLD FREAK! I THINK YOUR STORY STINKS... YOU STINK... YOUR SNAKES STINK! EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE IS STUPID!
I'M SO SORRY... I APOLOGISE FOR MY SON'S RUDENESS.
PRAY DO NOT WORRY YOURSELF, SIR. THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH NON-BELIEVERS.
THE GUIDE'S DARK EYES SEEM TO GLOW...
BUT NO-ONE IS ALLOWED TO INSULT THE TEMPLE OF PANATHA IN SUCH A FASHION. THE IGNORANT BOY MUST PAY FOR HIS CRIME!
JULIAN—HOW COULD YOU? YOU SHOULD NEVER MOCK PEOPLE'S BELIEFS!
YOU'RE AS BAD AS THE REST OF THEM! THE SOONER I GET HOME, THE BETTER!
THIS WAY TO YOUR ROOM, SIR.
HURRY UP THEN. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF TEMPLES TO LAST ME A LIFETIME.

THEN...
I—I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT THING IN THE CORNER! IT'S A SMALLER VERSION OF THE IDOL AT THE SNAKE TEMPLE!
I'M NOT STARING AT YOU ALL NIGHT!
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT... DARK EYES GLOW AGAIN!
AT LAST I CAN READ A DECENT, CIVILISED MAGAZINE AND GET AWAY FROM A LOAD OF OLD MUMBO-JUMBO!
A MOVING SNAKE MAKES NO SOUND!

WHAT—? AAAAHHHH!

THE SNAKES! THEY'VE COME TO LIFE! NO...NO!

I—I CAN'T STAND IT! AAAAAAAHHHHHH!

NEXT MORNING...
OH, NO! I MUST CALL THE MANAGER! AND... AND A DOCTOR!

A VERY STRANGE CASE. HE IS BREATHING, BUT HIS PULSE RATE IS ALARMINGLY HIGH...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HE HAS SUFFERED EXTREME SHOCK!
MOST MYSTERIOUS. THERE IS NOTHING IN THE ROOM THAT COULD CAUSE SUCH A THING.
SOON, THE GUIDE IS SHOWING ANOTHER PARTY ROUND THE TEMPLE...
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE SCROLLS THAT ONE DAY THE GOLDEN SNAKES OF PANATHA WILL REINCARNATE...
YESTERDAY WAS SUCH A DAY!
DID THAT STORY SCARE ME? EEEEK! IT REALLY DID SCARE ME! I'M NEVER GOING ANYWHERE NEAR A SNAKE TEMPLE, I CAN TELL YOU! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO WOULD ENJOY READING THE STORY... EVIL SUPER-NATURAL "SNAKEBITE" HE TURNS INTO A SNAKE... URGH! ALTHOUGH HE'S AS NASTY AS ME, I CAN'T STAND THE REPTILE!

A LETTER FROM SPOOKS

I made it on to the front cover of this issue and I'm sorry I'm not smiling – but it's a bit difficult when you're about to be grabbed by massive monsters! Never mind, I am looking happy and handsome on the centre pages, at the controls of Ghost Finder. It's a terrific poster of our vehicle and will look great stuck up on your wall. What better way to go to sleep than with your friendly Ghostling, Spooks, smiling at you? But that's enough of talking about me. Over to you and your letters, Humans . . . each one wins five pounds for the sender!

GUEST GHOSTLING

"Rock star GEORGE MICHAEL would make a good Ghostling. He can out-sing Weird Wolf any day!" says Stephen Cowan of Bo'ness, Scotland. Besides a better voice, George Michael has got lots of fans – everyone runs when Weird Wolf starts singing!

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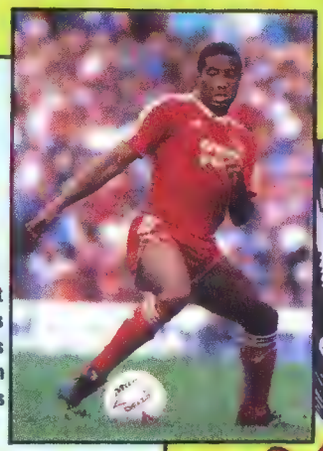
YOUR WISH GRANTED



Your wish has been granted, Robert Malyan of Durham City! Mr Lucky has waved his magic wand to produce this picture of your favourite footballer, John Barnes. The Liverpool player produces magic himself when he's getting goals!

CHILLING CHUCKLE

WHAT DO MUMMY GHOSTS SAY TO KID GHOSTS?

SPOOK WHEN YOU'RE SPOOKEN TO!

L. Carter,
Southborne,
Sussex.

WINNER OF WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

Gavin Eyles of Little Downham, Cambridgeshire, sent in the best idea for "The Doll" ending of issue five. Swinging on the curtain, The Doll knocks Frank Marshal to the floor and leaps on top of him. But Frank fights back and is about to pull The Doll to bits. But it grows to lifesize and punches Frank, stunning him. Then the rest of the family come in. Frank is about to tell them what happened, when he sees The Doll lying on the floor and back to its normal size. So thinking no-one would believe the truth, he says he fell over!

SCARY POEM

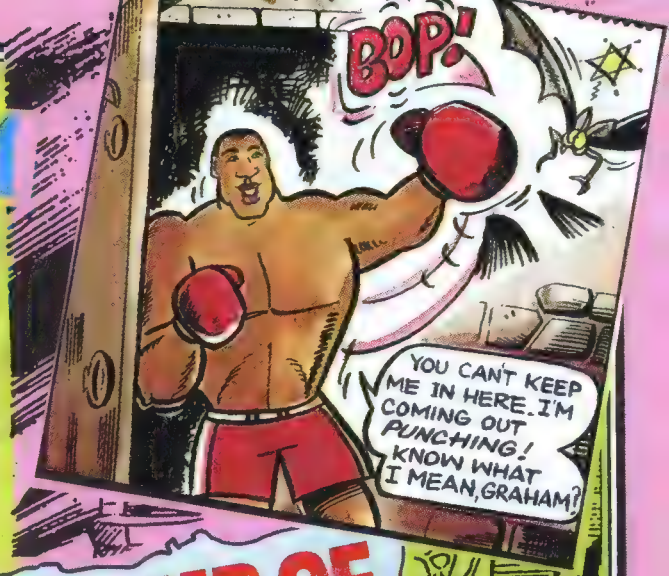
by
Ross Collier of
Shoebury, Essex.

At breakfast time I made some toast.
The door swung open and in came a ghost.
I was frightened as I could be.
The ghost started talking to me.
I went to run, with the ghost at my back.
He shouted out "I've come for a snack!"
He said that ghosts often go for meal-breaks,
So I gave him a bowl of crunchy cornflakes!

I think all of you should follow Human Ross's advice – be nice to ghosts. You never know, it could be me who's hungry!

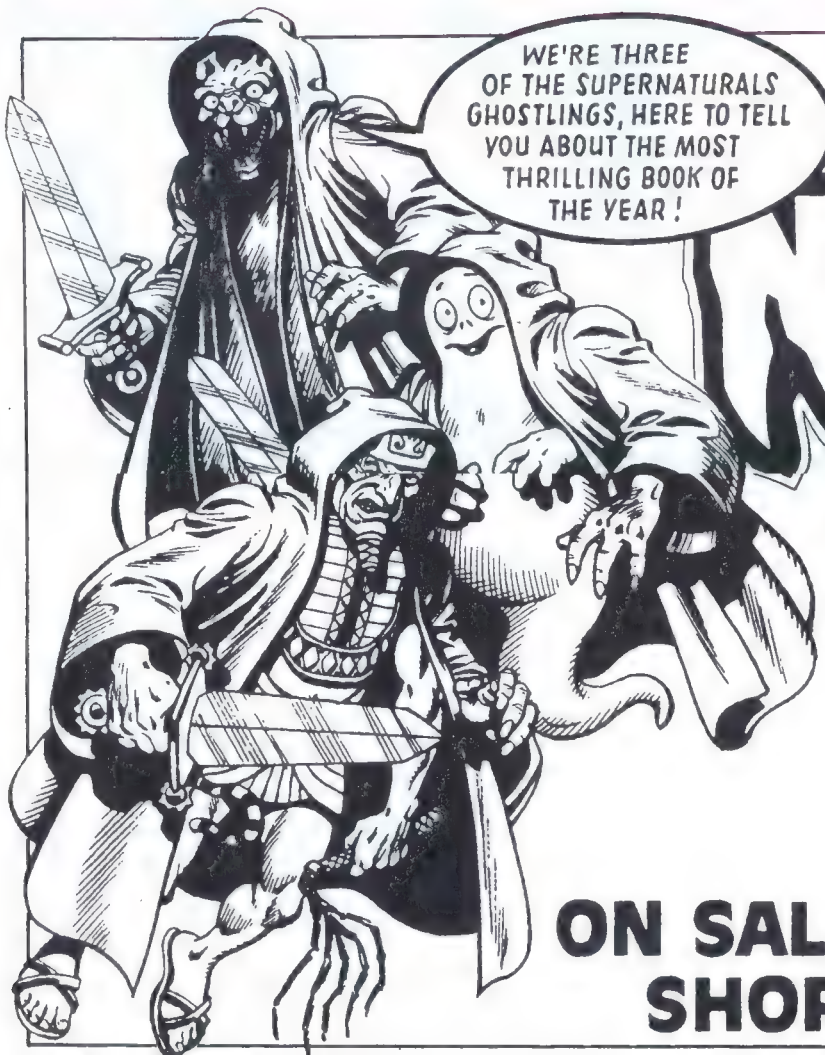
SANDSTORM!

Andrew Fielding of Runcorn, Cheshire, has come up with a brilliant idea for a new good Ghostling to join my pack: "SANDSTORM has the ability to change into sand. Blowing out sand, he can cover and hide things. Also, his sandstorm will confuse evil Ghostlings so they can't see where they're going."
Our artist has made a drawing of your SANDSTORM, Human Andrew. Can you guess by the shape which evil Ghostling has been turned into a sand statue?



TOMB OF DOOM

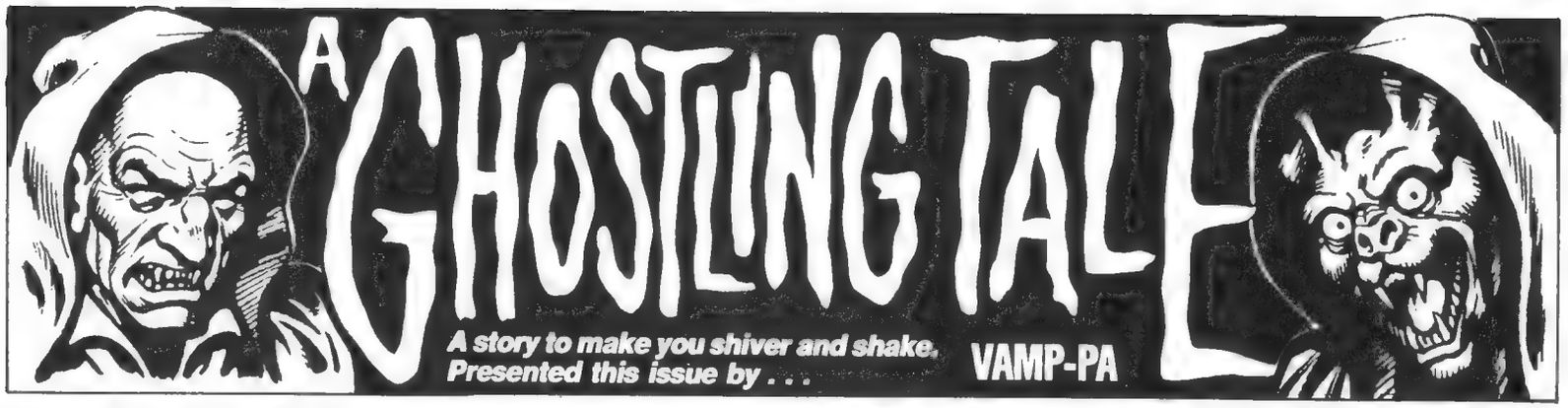
Step inside, FRANK BRUNO! The champion British boxer has been selected to enter the Tomb by Graham Hands of Bushey in Hertfordshire, because "Frank Bruno isn't scared of anything!" A good choice, Human Hands – if Frank meets any of the evil SuperNaturals, he can give them the old one-two with his boxing gloves!



SUPER NATURALS
ADVENTURE BOOK

Read the latest adventures of the Supernaturals! See the latest photographs of Supernaturals toys! Enjoy a brain-teasing quiz! Witness how it all began, as humans first entered the Tomb of Doom! And what happened when evil Supernaturals invaded Wembley Stadium? The answer to this question, and lots of others, is in SUPERNATURALS ADVENTURE BOOK. The book that's too good to miss!

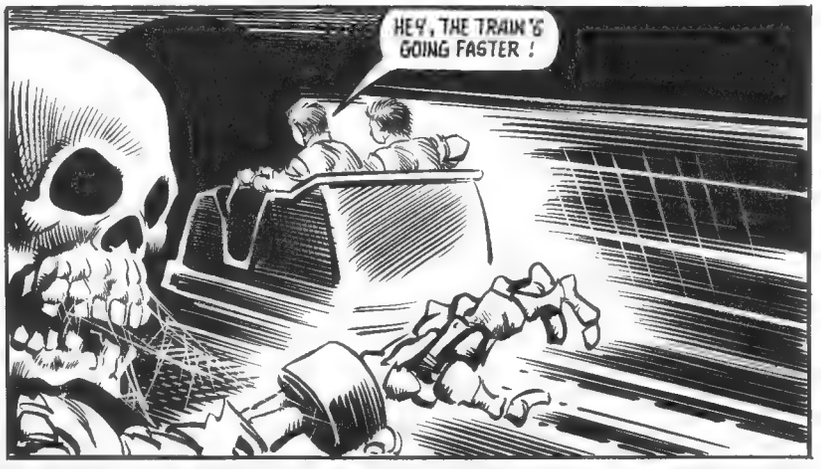
ON SALE NOW - AT A PAPER SHOP NEAR YOU! £2.25


A GHOSTLING TALE
A story to make you shiver and shake.
Presented this issue by . . .
VAMP-PA

GHOST TRAIN
ROLL UP ! ROLL UP ! ALL THE FEAR OF THE FAIR !
YOUR OLD GHOST TRAIN WOULDN'T BE SCARY ENOUGH FOR US, MISTER !
IT'S JUST FOR CISSIES !

I CAN PROMISE YOU A RIDE THAT'S DIFFERENT, BOYS . . . AND IT'S FREE !
WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY ?
IN THAT CASE, LET'S GO !

AND SOON . . .
THIS ISN'T SPOOKY !
IT'S MOTH-EATEN OLD RUBBISH !


HEY, THE TRAIN'S GOING FASTER !

WAAAAAH !

THE SIDESHOW NOW HAS TWO NEW FIGURES ALONGSIDE ITS ENTRANCE . . .
GHOST TRAIN
ROLL UP ! ALL THE FEAR OF THE FAIR !
THE BOYS WOULD NEVER AGAIN RIDE THE GHOST TRAIN — THEY WERE NOW PART OF IT !

THE CURSE
19TH CENTURY LONDON, WHERE THE EVIL SUPER-NATURALS STRIVE TO RELEASE THE CURSE OF BRITANNICUS, A SORCERER ENTOMBED BY THE ROMANS CENTURIES BEFORE. LIONHEART, EAGLE EYE AND SPOOKS ARE IN PURSUIT—BUT SUDDENLY...
BURNHEART!
WELCOME, FOOLS! WELCOME TO YOUR DOOM!
Ghost Finder
A SEARING BLAST OF FLAME ROARS OUT AS SPOOKS DESPERATELY SPINS GHOST FINDER'S WHEEL...
GUHHH! WE MAY BE HOT ON THEIR TAIL— BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!
WHA-OOOMMMPA!
RELEASE MY POWERS OF GOOD...
...OF PEACE!
BOTH LIONHEART AND EAGLE EYE ASSUME SECONDARY FORM!

WHA-OOOMMPA!
A THREE-PRONG ATTACK! BRING THE GUN TO BEAR, SPOOKS!
RUNNCHA!
WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN HERE! FIRST I'LL CAUSE SOME CONFUSION... WITH BITS OF BRICK FALLING ON HIM!
NNURRRGH!
NOW YOU, EAGLE EYE!
MY TURN NEXT...
THUUDD!
GNNNFFF!
...DOUSING HIS FLAMES IN THE RIVER!
FLURRGH!
ALL THREE RETURN TO PRIMARY FORM...
I HOPE THAT'S TAUGHT YOU THAT OUR POWERS ARE GREATER THAN YOURS, BURNHEART!
GOOD WILL ALWAYS TRIUMPH OVER EVIL!

THEN...
WATCH OUT, WATCH OUT! THERE'S A GHOSTLING ABOUT! IT'S SCARY CAT!
NYIEEEEE! BURNHEART HAS BUNGLED!
A SPELL ON YOU ALL! LET IMMOBILITY CRAMP YOUR BONES AND SEIZE YOUR JOINTS!
IT HALF AFFECTS EAGLE EYE AND LIONHEART...
C-CANNOT MOVE...
IT-IT IS LIKE I AM MADE OF STONE...
EXCELLENT WORK, WITCH! I CAN MAKE AN ESCAPE!
BUT ON SPOOKS, THE SPELL IS TOTAL! THROTTLE JAMMED, GHOST FINDER LEAPS FORWARD...
VROOOMM!
WE-WE MUST FIGHT THE EVIL MAGIC, EAGLE EYE... BEFORE WE'RE RUN DOWN!
GO, GHOSTLING, GO!
THE TWO SUPERNATURALS WARRIORS MOVE ASIDE JUST IN TIME... AND SPOOKS COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP AGAINST A PILLAR!
DUNNCH!
CURSES! THEY STILL SURVIVE... AND NOW MY SPELL HAS WORN OFF!
QUICKLY, BURNHEART! SKULL HAS NEED OF YOU!
YOUR FLAME-GUN HAS FAILED! ONLY YOU KNOW HOW TO RE-CHARGE ITS POWERS!
I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO FRY THOSE INTERFERING WRETCHES... BUT WHEN THE MASTER CALLS, I MUST OBEY!
SPOOKS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

SCARY CAT FROZE YOU. CHECK THAT THE VEHICLE IS FUNCTIONING, LITTLE ONE.
IF WE'RE GOING TO STOP SKULL RELEASING THE DREADED CURSE OF BRITANNICUS, EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE TUNNEL...
THERE, SKULL! THE FLAME-GUN RE-IGNITES!
GIVE IT TO ME THEN! ENOUGH TIME HAS BEEN WASTED!
SPQR
NYA-HARRGH! THE METAL STRAPS ARE MELTED! ANY MOMENT NOW AND THE COFFIN WILL OPEN!
NNN-NUHHH! THE LID IS HEAVY, BUT IT IS SHIFTING...
SKU-RNNGGG
SUCCESS! NOTHING CAN STOP THE SINISTER DEEDS OF SKULL!
KRASSSH!
RAGE, FURY! TEN THOUSAND DEMONS!
WH-WHAT IS WRONG, MASTER? IS THE BODY NOT THERE?

THE ROMANS SEALED THE SORCERER IN A SECONDARY CASING! HELP ME, CONFOUND YOU!
LET ME MELT IT OFF WITH MY FLAMES!
NO, NO! IT MIGHT DAMAGE WHAT IS WITHIN! BESIDES—THERE IS NO TIME! I SENSE LIONHEART'S APPROACH...
THE BRONZE CASING IS LOADED INTO THE BAT-BOPPER...
QUICKLY! RETURN BURNHEART HIS GUN, SCARY CAT—AND DRIVE!
BAT BOPPER
WITHIN SECONDS...
TO ANOTHER PLACE... WHERE WE CAN RELEASE THE BONES OF BRITANNICUS WITHOUT INTERFERENCE!
NO MORE THAN A QUARTER-OF-A-MILE BEHIND THEM...
MY POWERS OF INNER VISION TELL ME THEY HAVE BRITANNICUS... BUT THE BODY IS ENCLOSED!
MAY IT REMAIN SO! FASTER, SPOOKS! THERE IS NO TIME FOR CAUTION!
THE GAP NARROWS. BUT AS BAT-BOPPER ROUNDS A BEND IN THE RIVER TUNNEL...
HOUNDS OF HADES! A DEAD-END!
WE SHALL HAVE TO BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH!
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT LIES BEYOND!
TO THE DEVIL WITH IT! LIONHEART IS CLOSING UP ON US! FIRE MISSILE!
NEXT: THE FLOOD!

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Is it a Man?
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A
Welsh Wizard
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